SOME NEW BOOKS.

Pederal and State Institutions, extremely useful compilation of a s new to this country as it is in Great ident of New York-Handbook of Ren Institutions in the United States, based teral and State Laura, by DUGALD J. ATERE (Scribner & Welford). The author not claim literary merit for his work, at of view with the political essays of is a reportory of authentic information of covers, which with the same fellow countrymen to understand system of American governlearn what home rule means the land of its most effective exhibition and establishment. The plan on which the ok has been compiled is admirable. After introductory chapter by the author, the at his disposal is divided into two parts, which the first presents the Federal Constian elucidation of its significance and kings, and an abstract of the more imporation built upon it. In the second taking New York as an example of an inal State, he quotes in full the State Conion, explains it, and supplements it with mary of the State laws based on it up to present time. It is naturally to the author's ants that we would direct particular aton, although, considered merely as a ine of documents and legal data, his ook may be heartily commended to American

In discussing the Federal Constitution, as pplicable to the present population of the nion. Mr. Bannatyne is naturally struck by disproportionate representation of differaggregates of population in the United tates Senate. He points out that eight States Rhode Island, Delaware, Connecticut, Marynd, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New sey, and Vermont), though they have altother only about the same number of inhabi-its as are included in the single State of New ork, have sixteen Senators, or eight times many as the Empire commonwealth. thinks that "the necessity for a distribution of State representation

the United States Senate has to looked in the face and provided for. A civil or other unpleasantness may be obviated voluntary surrender." If by the two last fords quoted the author means that Rhode aland or Delaware or Nevada will ever of its se will give up its right to have two Senators is assuredly mistaken. According to Article of the Constitution, not even by a Constituhal amendment can any State, "without its ensent be deprived of its equal suffrage in the mate." Only in one way could the population of New York obtain more Senators, namey, by splitting up their State into two or more sparate commonwealths; as was done, for ex-mple, in 1820, when the District of Maine was et off from Massachusetts.

The author, also, as the native of a country iere the veto power of the Executive has not on exercised for one and three-quarters conturies, lays stress upon the fact that our Chief fagistrate possesses large prerogatives in this ticular-prerogatives, moreover, never exed with such frequency as of recent years. He is right in pronouncing it "noteworthy" that during the Forty-ninth Congress 132 bills were vetoed by President Cleveland, whereas "the whole number of previous reloes from the inning of the first Congress was 111." Mr. matyne considers this amezing disortion "an indication of a change the people of the United States.

We think it proves nothing, except that the people have not yet awakened to the perilof rermitting such an extension of a function which proceding Presidents had thought ald be exercised only with extreme wari-If, however, it be said that the 132 bills rved to belivetoed in the judgment of Congress itself, since only two of them were passed by a two-thirds vote over the veto, then what comes of the contention that the existing and soundness of jegislation than was practicbe in the earlier, days of the republic, when be individual Congressman was not stided?

Mr. Barnatyne is careful to define for the se term " constitution." when he applies it to ate of New York. The definition is necessary. for whatever may be said of Englishmen in the last century, and even as late as the first years of the reign of George III., there is no doubt at living Englishmen understand by the term ritish Constitution the will of Parliament. although it is still questionable whether as s matter of abstract law a modern act of Parliaent could mullify the Act of Union between nglaud and Scotland, or the Act of Union be-

con Great Britain and Ireland in such a way to deprive Scotchmen or Irishmen of any of se privileges secured to them by those acts alich seem to partake of the nature of realies. But of course Parliament can legally then are called for by those acts, or it can werse them with their consent. That is probably what Mr. Gladstone meant when he conved the impression that even to moot the appeal of the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland would be unconstitutional. until it should be demanded by a majority of Iroland's representatives in the imperial Parliament. But all these questions are entirely question the normal scope of a modern Englishman's ideas. He thinks, as we have said, that Parliament refashions the British Constitution m day to day, and therefore it was imporfrom day to day, and therefore it was impor-tant to make it clear to him that we order ngs otherwise in this country.

One word more as to the statements in Mr. styne's preliminary pages. We find on page 13 this assertion: "There is nominally little if any, unwritten law in the United States, or in any State." If by "nominal" the author ne "written," that goes without saying, But if by unwritten law he means popular on-and tradition is powerless upless it tree in popular opinion—there is and always all be a good deal of it in our longest settled nates, so long as the trial by jury survives, and that will last as long as our written Contions. For what are juries but exnders and enforcers of opinion, that is to unwritten law, as against case and statute What are they but interpreters of the cience, whose dictates fluctuate with

and circumstance? Sannatyne evidently thinks that Ameras are not sufficiently alive to the gravity of be social problem which they will one day be led upon to solve through the rapid growth of the colored element in our population. He swells upon the fact that "during the ten years om 1879 to 1880 the increase of the white population was 29.20 per cent., that of the colored 84.67." The disproportion was coincident with an enormous immigration of whites, so that the excess of natural increase on the part the colored race must, as he says, rures indicate. He infers that it is ily a question of time when colored citizens rb the Gulf States and press upon the der States, and he does not see how, under ons which give the negro equal rights, man avert a war of races. We can assure that, while the fact which he discusses has t as yet received in the North the attention erves, white men in the Gulf States are lly sensible of the difficulties and dangers onfront them, and mainly on that soant are accustomed to oppose the Republican

he communities which formerly secoded from Another thing which surprises the author of this book is the immense amount of legal ring which goes on in the United States. whose Constitution prohibits the establish-ment of any given form of religion. He reminds his fellow countrymen that "the majority of en sworn or made affidavit

arty, which has hitherto evinced more sym-athy for colored men than white men in

singularly free, considering the enormous number of statistics and statements of fac which it embraces. The deductions, on the other hand, sometimes strike us as odd and rather far fetched, as when the existence of Knights of Labor and trades unions draws from the author the remark: "It might seem as if castes were forming of a somewhat similar description to those in some Asiatic countries." Again, apropos of the political and social immorality which he supposes to be increasing in a greater ratio than the population, we are informed that "there are some American citizens desirous that a King should reign over the United States-they are not a few." Such persons may not be few, but they must keep themselves well hidden, for we have never met with one of them. As a rule, however, Mr. Bannatyne is circumspect in his indications of personal opinion. He himself has spent twentytwo years in this country and Canada, and the outcome of his experience is that it is impossi-ble for a British subject to form a correct judgment of things American, and so "hold his own in the United States without long years of study of the institutions and laws of the country, and without practical knowledge of the ple." To the same effect he says, on page 50: "It is impossible in a work of this kind to set forth the good traits of this conglomerate people. Without long and intimate personal acquaintance with them in social circles and business pursuits no one can be said to begin to understand them. Their ways are not those of any particular nution (of the Old World); and it is a fact that many old men, who have passed long lives in the United States, are practically children outside of their usual avocations.

TIOI

Mr. Bannatyne, at all events, has lived here long enough to learn that among the masses of our people there is very little of the fraternal af-fection for Englishmen of which we hear a good deal at international banquets. Such sympathy and sense of kinship as exists is confined to a small and politically uninfluential section of the American community. The distrust and often asserted) primarily due to the influence of Irishmen, but spring, as Mr. Bannatyne per ceives, from deeper causes. They are traditional, congenital. After criticising in a goodnatured way some of the assertions in the Declaration of Independence which Rufus Chonte called "glittering generalities," he admits that they represent the deepest convictions of the national mind. "The enumeration of the 'long train of abuses and usurpations' word dormant best describing the feeling in many parts of the United States at the present day. The thorough manner in which this Declaration of Independence has been ingrained into the hearts and minds of the citizens prevents the enumeration of the grievances complained of by the thirteen orig-inal colonies being forgotten, and makes it a point d'appui in all arguments against the mother country. The proximity to Canada has perhaps in the border States kept alive a con-tinued feeling of irritation or iii will toward he mother country, and the great number of discontented emigrants from Ireland, or natives of Irish parentage, and their importance as voters, has done more to keep the fire smouldering." If Mr. Bannatyne would learn how to heal the Anglo-phobia which is still latent among us. let him confer with some of tho-e Americans whose forefathers dwelt here long before the Revolution, and they will undoubtedly concur in the following prescription: In the first place. let England be just to Ireland, whose friendship and concurrent uprising for liberty materially assisted us to gain our independence. Secondly, let her restore Canada to union with the thirteen colonies that poured out their blood and treasure to wrest it from France What our people felt on the latter subject at the outset of their national move ment is shown by the Articles of Confed eration adopted in 1778, whereby (Article XI.) it was provided that Canada should upon demand be admitted to the confederation, but that no other colony should be admissible except with the consent of nine States, Mr. Bannatyne is one of the few British sub-

jects within our knowledge who understands our election system, including the adjunct, or, as some would call it, parasite, of primary election and convention. But, if he anywhere loses his accuracy of perception and sense of proportion, it is when he speaks as if the mischievous accompaniments or outgrowths of the systam-the bribery and fraud which some times pervert it-are without a parallel in the history of representative institutions. The entire sum expended in a Presidential year in the city of New York, with more than 200,000 voters. less than it sometimes costs in England solitical crises to return a single member of Paritament before the passing of the first Reorm act. As to the honesty of the lawmakers elected, the members of our least savory Legislature are purity itself compared with the members of the House of Commons in the days of

Walpolo and of the Felliams,

More Glimpses of Spats. Dr. H. M. FIELD has lately journeyed from San Sebastian to Gibraltar, and now publishes an account of what he saw in Old Spain and New Spain (Scribners). His book can be read with more satisfaction than most of such productions, because he is not one of those who suppose themselves qualified to visit the Iberian poninsula because they have read an English translation of "Don Quixote," Prescott's "Ferinand and Isabelia," and Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra." We have often pointed out that, with the exception of Egypt, there is no country whose present situation requires for its comprehension such a broad and thorough knowledge of history as Spain. What was the condition of Spain under the Romans and under the Visigoths? How many who permit themselves to speak as if they knew something about these subjects. know even where the information is to be sought? Then, as to the story of the eight conturies of Moslem occupation, one would think, from the glib allusions of some writers. that this must be a narrow and familiar instead of a most spacious, complex, and obscure theme. But if few of the men who make book about Spain can so much as name the Arab and Moorish kingdoms which survived for centuries the disruption of the Arab empire centred at Cordova. they are quite as apt to flounder in the history of the Christian kingdoms. We cannot now recall a single book published by an American about Spain within the last thirty years which is not discredited by scores of historical blunders, some of which the authors might have escaped had they but taken the trouble to learn and inwardly digest

Mr. Field's book is so marked an improvement in respect of accuracy that it deserves to be treated seriously. We will, therefore, indicate a few oversights which may be corrected in a second edition. Thus, on page 176, he speaks of Philip sending forth from his room in the Escorial "decrees, often the most cruel, to Cortez in Mexico or Pizarro in Peru." The Escorial was not built until after the conquista dores in question were dead. Neither can it be truly said (page 179) that Philip "suffered Cortez and Pizarro to commit the most horrid crimes in Mexico and Peru in the name of Christ." Philip was not born when Cortez took the Aztee capital, and he was but six years old when Pizatro captured Cuzco. He was but 13 years old when Cortez returned to Spain for the last time, and but 20 when Pizarro was killed. Evidently he cannot be held responsible for any of the enormities committed by the invaders of Mexico and Peru. Moreover, if one will examine the instructions sent out from Madrid during his reign for the administration of his American dominions, and, above all, for the treatment of the natives, he will be convinced that Philip strove to rule with justice and benignity, and he will understand why Spaniards-even republicans and philanthro-

pists-deem him a great monarch. On page 208 we read that the great mosque at Cordova was begun "just eleven hundred fellow countrymen that "the majority of tehmen in Scotland have probably never a sworn or made affidavit."

The majority of years ago. Cordova was then a great city, the capital of Meoriah Spain, and indeed the capital of all Islam in the West, as Bagdad was the capital of Islam in the East, so that the Caliph

of Cordova divided with the Caliph of Bagdad the spiritual dominion over the whole Moslem world." It is true that the mosque was begun in 784 by Abderrahman I. who did not, however, term himself caliph, nor was that title assumed by any of his successors until 929, when Abderrahman III. took it on the ground that the Abbaside caliphs had crased to exercise any real authority outside the city of Bagdad. Neither was Cordova at any time recognized as either the temporal or spiritual capital of Islam in the West, if by the West we mean anything except Spain and a strip of what is now Morocco. It was nover so recognized by the Aglabite dynasty at Kairouan, which conquered Sielly and occupied a part of the Neacolitan mainland.

Dr. Field seems to labor (page 226 and elsewhere) under a misapprehension as regards the date of the expulsion of the Moors. This date is vital. The great and rulnous exodus of the Moriscoes took place not under Ferdinand and Isabella nor under Charles V. nor Philip II., but in the seven teenth century. It was because the Inquisition had failed to prevent the Moriscoes, who outwardly were Christian converts, from secretly practising the rites of Islam that it was determined to enforce a sweeping decree of expulsion. Of course Spain lost the bulk of her artisan population, bat even from the point of view of political expediency there is much more to be said on behalf of that decree than is sometimes imagined.

We observe that on page 142 Dr. Field says that the Inquisition was established by Queen Isabella "in Spain." It will not do to use so broad a territorial term in writing of her time. It was only in Castile that the institution sanctioned by her was an innovation. In Aragon the Inquisition had existed since 1288 and its decrees had been enforced with rigor. too. It is important to remember that in the early middle ages Aragon was rather vencal than a Spanish State, and would be naturally infected with the Albigensian or Catharan heresy, to suppress which the inquisition was founded.

BOOK NOTES.

A beautiful and convenient illustrated edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield" is published by G P. Putnam's Sons.

An authorized translation of M. Renan's 'Abbess of Jouarre" is issued by G. W. Dillingham. The translators are Georges Delon and James F. Rhodes. We have received from G. W. Dillingham a

neatly printed copy of William Pole's treatise on "Whist," the best manual, perhaps, for beginners ever published. Macmillan & Co. send us the "Statesman's

Year Book" for 1888, a serial which has long enjoyed a high reputation for full and accurate statistics. The present volume contains more matter than any of its predecessors. An admirable "Life of St. Patrick." by Father Morris of the Oratory of St. Philip of Nerl. is

issued with the approbation of Cardinal Manning (Burns & Oates). A most valuable work of high historic and religious interest. Cassell & Co. publish an enlarged and re rised edition of their "Complete Pocket Guide to Europe." Having had personal experience in the use of this book, we can truly say that it is the best manual of the kind that ever came into our hands.

We have received from the Catholic Publication Society "The Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent," translated by the Rev. J. Waterforth, who has also furnished essays on the external and internal history of the Coun-This book was first published forty years ago, and is considered an authority on the sub

A volume of uncommon and rather eccentric charm is the "Sentimental Journey" of Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell (Longmans). It describes their travels in France on a trievele The journey extended from Calais, through Paris, Fontainebleau, and Barbizon to Vienne. It is written in a lively style, and the illustrations are quite admirable

Max O'Rell has rewritten his "John Bull. Jr." (Cassell & Co.), making it in some respects an entirely new book. It is the journal or autobiography of a French tutor in an English public school, and, in the opinion of a well-known teacher, embodies" the whole theory of education." The author's ready and occasionally caustic wit only makes more forcible the common-sense ideas with which his book abounds. As a Frenchman's opinions of the English school boy it is eminently worth reading.

"The Soul; or, Rational Psychology," by Emanuel Swedenborg, translated and edited by Frank Sewall (New Church Board of Publication), is a neatly executed, handsom printed translation of a posthumous work in Latin by the great Swedish seer, valuable chiefly as indicating a step in the process of his development from a philosopher and a man of science into a religious enthusiast, but of no importance to modern psychology.

"Mr. Potter of Texas," by Archibald Clavering Gunter (Home Publishing Co.), is a rather disappointing novel. The opening chapters describe the adventures of a party of English people in the streets of Alexandria on the night of the bombardment of the city by the British fleet in the summer of 1882, and of their rescue from the frenzied Moslem mob by a party of marines from United States men-of-war in the harbor. The narrative is of absorbing interest, and will hold the attention of the reader until the scene shifts to the Continent of Europe, where a story, involving a complicated and rather obscure plot, begins, the development of which is protracted until the last page is reached. The author's studies of character are ingenious but too frequently artificial. The English men and women he portrays neither speak the language of England nor reflect the habits or feelings of its people. Mr. Gunter is apparently more at home in Frankish Egypt than in the British Isles, Mr. Justice Lincoln not Judge Lincoln, as he is persistently desig nated) is an absurd picture of an English jurist, while Detective Brackett of Scotland Yard not inadequately does duty as a repre sentative officer of that establishment. But Mr. Potter of Texas, a character on which the author has bestowed particular pains, has never been seen off the stage of the sensa tional drama. He is no Texan at all, but evidently an invention, to the elaboration of which all kinds of idle yarns have contributed. At the same time there can be no doubt that many stirring scenes, of the melodramatic sort, are introduced. and the book is one which, in spite of its many improbabilities. extravagances, and inconsistencies, will be read by most persons to the very end.

In the preface to his "Visit to Europe and the Holy Land" (Catholic Publication Society Company), the Rev. H. F. Fairbanks, a Roman Catholic clergyman of Milwaukee, assigns as his principal reason for producing the werk that out of numerous books of travel in Europe and the Holy Land comparatively few have been written by Americans of his faith. His visit to England and Ireland was repeatedly made unhappy by the spectacle of stately cathedrals profaned by Anglican rices. At York minster he studiously avoided attending the usual morning service, because he did not care to "fill himself with the dry moral husks which would be offered for spiritual sustenance." At Oxford he refrained from entering the cloisters of any of the older colleges, cause he feared "to sadden his soul with the sight of 'desolation standing in the holy place." In St. Patrick's Cathedral and West minster Abbey he is overwhelmed by similar emotions, and wonders how long it will be before these venerable monuments of early plety shall again be blessed by Roman Catholic ser-vices delivered in the Latin tongue. His insinuation that the cathedrals of England are neglected by their present possessors is hardby fair: the Church of England, largely aided by private benefactions, has done very much to keep them in repair. Mr. Fairbanks has nothing to say about the places he visited which has not been said a thousand times before, but his narrative is simple, sensible, and straightforward. His description of the Pope presiding over an assembly of ecclesiastics in

POEMS WORTH READING.

Upon the heights at Woohawken, when summer bads are green. And the ripple of the river's tide is red with the sunries A little group of ellent men stand under the tangled trees. That well the solitary spot, and bend in the sul

A secret tryst, a winsome nock for lovers' rapturous Where Corydon might settly sigh, and Amaryllis ki And amoreus birds a rondel sing to the god of feat And sephyre and moonbeams woo and wed in the next

Who dares the wager of battle at so haleyon an hour In this peaceful sanctuary, this pastoral bridal bower? Can warrier be so warlike, or human hate so strong, Andesecrate so fair a fane with a foul and mortal wrong?

Ab! souls of men are wild, wild seas of flerce unpitying And wrecks of dearest hopes and aims lie ocean deep at The flery stars are less afterns than the passions of the

proud, And rivalry and malice strike as lightnings from the

Within that shady, wooded shrine a tragic scene is new To move the hearts of strongest men to many a grief Old comrades of the drill and camp, the first on every

One, Hamilton the great and good and Washington's faithful friend,
The other an arch conspirator, "Bold Burn," to the bit-Both braving Fate with a chieftain's pride as they stand on the shores of Styx, tanch sons of the Revolution, firm spirite of Seventy six i

are met in duel to the death, as knights of the lance and

VII. Two soldiers face to face are seen who have berne the battle's brunt, Two statesmen stand with tight-set lips and a cold, de-Two seconds pace the deadly ground and whisper the fatal sign. And pass their arms to the erring men, erect as in mar-

VIII.
No flush or pallor on either brow, no tremor the hands As Pendleton gives the signal and the foemen the word The bullets whistle upon the wind to work their dark

beliest, And Hamilton falls on the mossy sod, the dew on his bleeding breast. O. here of Continental days, what black deed hast then Neath the cloudless sky and the glinting leaves and the

flood of the summer sun f
The birds will never sing more for thee, nor the wiid For the voice within cries evermore, "Thou hast sealed a brother's doom !"

The curse of that morn pursues him through a dreary night of shame. The schoolboys hush as they pass his door and shudder to breathe his name: And the ione old man drifts, sad and stern, to sink in the sait, sait sea.

Where rot the wrecks of the pirate ships-the ocean of

Angeltea, From the Boston Globe. Fair is my love, so fair,
I shudder with the sense
Of what a light the world would lose
Could she go bence.

Sweet is my love, so sweet.
The leaves that, fold on fold,
Swathe up the oders of the rose,
Luss sweetness hold. True is my love, so true;
Her heart is mine alone,
The music of its rhythmic beat
Throbs through my own.

Dr., is my love, so dear, if I but hear her name. My eyes with tears of rapture swim, My cheek is flame.

Spare her. Immortals, spare, Till all our days are done. Your beaven is full of augel forms. Mine holds but one. WILLIAM SAWTER

From the Hatchet. She had a star in either eye
And roses in her face.
Who asked my matroniy advice
With deferential grace.

Willing to Take Advice.

"You are not young as once you were, But if you were," spake she; "Which et the men would you accept, Who hang their hopes en me ?"

"You speak of years." I stiffly said, "As callow damsels do: I shouldn't marry any man. Who hangs his hopes on you!" Her iids dropped ever love lit eyes, I marked the blushing cheek. And saw her trembling hands, the while the begged that I would speak.

"Ah, surely your observing ways Have taught you to be wise; Forgive a maiden's blundering words, Be generous, and advise!"

Won by her sweet humility, I could but acquiesce. And hope the counsel might avail To comfort her distress.

"If I must give you my advice. And wed with whom you like The maiden lauxhed a happy laugh.
Her voice was full of biles;
She gave my hand a fervent class,
And gave my cheek a kiss.

Be sure I'll do the thing you bid: For that you bid me use For that you bid me use Is what I had determined on Before I came to you!!'

Before I came to you!!'

Introspect. From the St. Paul Globe. Ghostly hands are telestraphing
On the wires. Careless, I hearken,
Idly first their message quaffing,
While shades undulating darken;
"Os hoo, dead! Dead and gone, alack!"
Gone! whence never an echo comes bac

Oh, death message, sadly meaning.

For the sterm bursts upon vision:
Faintly now and weiter greaning:
shrill anon with mad greaning:
Shrill anon with med greaning.

Wake not with of-e-world on mbers.
Echo in my soul which slumbers.

Those who once have shrinking, fearing, hearth-d the deepest caves of sorrow; know how, oft and oft those learing. Phantoms haust them on some merrow Goblins ions since which pattied.

By the chain of memory ratiled.

Yet, who has not sunk to grisving.
O'er some treasure lost in sadness,
Who has not, in rapponeelving.
Risen to those happoneelving madness,
is at best a sorry creature.
Lacking sympathy with Nature. Oh. death message, worldly schbring.
Weil I all your passions reckon:
In my heart your wall is throbbing:
Te my sour your signals becken;
By this and sorry token.
Chaos, where dear Hepe lies broken:

MARTHA BILBRE Twilight Land.

From the Youth's Companion Here we are in twillight land;
Greakely-oreak.
Booking chairs on every hand,
Booking chairs of the chairs of the chairs
Bare are the little winkle feet;
White are the gewma and loose
No place here for ball or ball,
No need now for coat or hat.
None for stockings or shoes.

What are the stories of twilight land?
Hark, sh. hark
Call the sweet is mose where they stand,
Waiting in the dark;
Cinderells and little Bo.Perp.
Who lost her sheep, her presty sheep;
Jack Horner, bold Boy Bitte,
And the three bears living in the word,
And the worl that at Red Ridding Hood,
And the spinning pussy, too.

The little children in twitight land, Are still as mise. And the atory teller must understand. Sile's to tell each story twice. The crickets ohira, the stars' eyes wink, Ferhaps the man in the mars' eyes wink. Them saucy in their plays may think Them saucy in their plays. Must whatever is heard or said or done fach sleepy, wears' tittle one. Gets rested for next day.

For the pillow is white in twitight land And whise the bed. And the sender, loving mether's hand is laid on the drowness head. And list, the tune ahe hums and sings. As with solt creak the rocker swings, How far away it seems! That tune, that jullaby, ah, mo! They are leaving twitight land, you see, For the attiler land of dreams.

No Time for Scattment. From the Philadelphia Funca.
Woodman, chop that tree!
I'll burn it, every bough.
In youth it sheltered me.
Sat coal's eight dollars new!

THE ART OF HOOKBINDING and the imitation of the old styles carried to perfection by these binders, and especially by old Lortic, whose sons still carry on the busi-ness, but with a zenl diminished by various distractions. Old Bladers and New-American Amateur

and their Purchases—The Great Parisins Binders—Hints for the Greifer Club PARIS, Feb. 22.—"The American collectors aione give us interesting work to do nowa-days," said the bookbinden Jely, to me the other afternoon as I sat on a stool watching him gild an intricate fanfare design on a red morocco cover. "They will pay the price, and some of them have good taste and new idena. But the French amateurs, eyen those gentlemen of the Societé des Bibliophiles, want everything too cheap; they bargain over five france, and can only afford the simplest bindings. It is an art, if you like to call it so, the making of fine bindings; but is is a most un-grateful art when a man follows it conscienflously. There is no end to the time and tron ble it takes, and the chief satisfaction that one has is that of having accomplished good work."

It is a curious fact that with few exceptions bookbinders, from the beginning, have been generally anonymous and unrecognized artists. Of the most ancient French book-binders the name of the lieur of Charles V. alone has come down to our times, and his importance did not exceed that of one of the humblest workmen of the King's household. Under Charles VI. one Peter, surnamed Four Horns a known to have been paid 10 cents, 10 sols. for binding a manuscript illuminated by Pierre de Compiègne. We know also of Guillaume Arrode, a Parisian goldsmith, who was charged with covering with black silk and fastening with silver-gilt clasps eight books from the King's chapel, and with chasing other fermaux enamelled with the arms of France for the same chapel. The person who inspected, veri-fied, and judged the work of this artist was no other than his Majesty's head butler! Such was the constant misfortune of the old binders. Considering themselves to be too

humble folks to sign their work, the most illustrious of them remained anonymous. Even at the time of their greatest splender, at the Court of the Valois, or under Louis XIV, and XV. they remained obscure, and the most confident critics dare name only two or three. In his recent volume on "Les Reliures d'Art à la Bibliothèque Nationale" M. Henri Bouchet has remarked that the invention of printing did not greatly modify the condition of the binder. When cardboard and gilded leather took the place of the wooden covers of the old manuscripts, none of the artist binders of the Renaissance thought of putting his name to his work, except Geoffroy Tory, whose printer's mark is sometimes found on a book cover, and who has bimself told us that he designed bindings for the great collector, Jean Groller. In those days the booksellers, who for the most part made their own paper, cast their type, engraved their tools, and printed their books themselves, considered the binding to be an indispensable part of a whole, and executed it themselves without attaching thereto any special importance. Such was the case with Simon Vostre, Antoine Vérard, and Guyot Marchand at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and soon after Tory and Roffet, who was bookseller to Francois I., and who probably provided the royal library with the books so much sought for by collectors, ornamented with a salamander and a disper of F's surmounted by crowns. The sons and grandsons of Roffet continued the business until the beginning of the seventeenth century. Nicolas. the last of the line, took charge in 1572, lived until the end of the reign of Henri IV., and had two competitors, Claude Picquet and Nicolas Eve. who also founded a famous dynasty, which lived until 1627, and whose brother, named

Clovis, came on the scene in 1578. Now here ye, gentlemen of the Groll r Club. and ye of Chicago, San Francisco, Phila elphia, Boston, and wheresoever else books are collected and bindings prized, prick up your ears and isten to the words of M. Henri Bouchot, who is learned in bookbinding, and deeply read in documentary history. Remark in the first place that Nicolas Eve, like his predecessors, is known to us, not by his signature, but by the royal account books. He bound for Henri III. the copy of the Statutes of the Saint Esprit, which is still preserved intact in the National Library at Paris, and exhibited there to the tourist. Now whence came these Eves, asks M. Bouchot? If we could only discover that they were from Gascony, how many obscurities would be dissipated! It is generally agreed that Clovis Eve was the author of the bindings adorned with leafy branches, which were brought into fashion by De Thou, whom the pedants call Thuanus. Now, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, there was a mysterious arrist called Le Gascon, whose stipple pointile work has an affinity with that of Clovis Eve. Everybody knows Le Gascon; his is one of the first mames that the neophyte in bibliophilism learns to pronounce; he is the Homer of bookbinding. And yet, says M. Bouchot, no authentic document mentions him, no special book places his name s known to us, not by his signature, but by the

Homer of bookbinding. And yet, says M. Bouchot, no authentic document mentions him. no special book places his name on the official list of binders. Was Le Gascon of the Eves, or was he that Florimond Badier who was received into the corporation in 1645, and who was proud enough of his art to sign the binding of an "Imitation of Christ." printed at the Royal Press? Budier's work is similar to that ordinarly attributed to Le Gascon, and the dates agree, but we do not know the birthplace of Badier. If we could only prove that Le Gascon was a name given to some workman who came to Paris from the South, or that Badier was this workman!

Whoever this unknown Le Gascon was, his bindings found favor, and he had imitators who simplified his processes and used composed tools where he had worked bit by bit. Le Gascon bound for Louis XIII. Gaston d'Orleans, the Chanceller, Siguier, and the brothers Du Puy. The colleagues and rival of Le Gascon in the art of binding were Pigorreau, Michon. Houdan (1619-27), whom Bayle, the author of the Dictionary, proclaimed the best binder in Paris. At the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. a pupil of Le Gascon, Antoine Ruette, made mosaic bindings of leather of different colors; then came tilles Dubols (1628-1671) and Sebastian Cramolsy—who used the fine Levant morocco bought by the Imprimerie Nationale—Bergard Bernacke, Jean Levasseur, Louis La Tour, Merleux, Pierre de Launay, syndic in 1709, and the widow de Mabre-Cramolsy, who was manageress of the Imprimerie Nationale. But by this time, as M. Bouchot remarks, the delicate work of the preceding reign had disappeared; composed tools and stamps took the place of fine hand work as petit fer, while heavy armorial bearings replaced artistic designs.

marks, the delicate work of the preceding reign had disappeared; composed tools and stamps took the place of fine hand work at petit fer, while heavy armorial bearings replaced artistic designs.

After the edict of Nantes the binders were separated from the booksellers and became specialists, under the name of binders and gilders. relieurs-doreurs. Then came the l'adeloups and Deromes, who accentuated the taste for mosale bindings, and then Dubuisson. Le Monnier, Laferié, and Chamot, who worked for the Duc de La Vallière; Enguerrand, who worked for the Marquis de Paulmy, and Biziaux, who bound for the Marquis de Pompadour and for Beaumarchals.

The art of bookbinding, like the art of printing, achieved perfection in a very short time. No books have ever surpassed the fine work of Simon Vostre, Geoffroy Tory, the Aidi, the Etiennes, the Elzevirs, the Plantins. No bindings have ever been produced finer than those of the sixteenth and seventeenth conturies. As soon as the printed book took the place of the manuscript on parchment, the best and the definitive forms and sizes of volumes were fixed, and the most appropriate kind of binning was discovered, namely, cardboard covered with leather susceptible of ornamentation by gilding, stamping, inlaying, or mosale. Bookbinding, like painting and the graphic arts in general at the beginning of the sixteenth century, came to France from Italy already formed. The paymasters who followed the French kings in their warlike expeditions to Italy, ancestors of the farmers general of the eighteenth century, brought back with them treasures of all kinde, and particularly books covered with morocco and other leathers, which the Italian artists knew how to gild with arabesques and to adorn with mosaces of colored pastes that resemble lacquer. Jean Groller was the first to make a collection of these bindings, in his house near the Forte de Buoy at Paris he stowed away his treasures, and there he used to invite Geoffroy Tory to dinner, and on such occasions the contents borowed from

old Lortic, whith a zenl diminished by the classifications.

Muterially some of the modern binders do as good work as the great binders of the past. They are good materials, their tools are better engraved than those of the past centuries, their mosale work is correct and faultiess in execution; indeed, in perfection of details the wortion; indeed, in perfection of details the work of Lortic, Marius Michel, Cuzin, Joly, Gruel, and others is often far superior from the material of the sixteenth. morais work is correct and faultless in execution; indeed, in perfection of details the work to in; indeed, in perfection of details the work of Loric, Marins Michel, Cuzin, Joly, Gruel, and others is often far superior from the material noint of view to the work of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. From the point of view of style there is no comparison to be made; the modern binders simply reproduce the designs consecrated by the names of Groller, Lo Guscon, Padeloup, and Derome; they are as a rule faithful and painstaking consists and excellent craitsmen rather than artists. Take Gruel, for instance, one of the dearest and certainly the wealthiest of all the Parisian binders, thanks to the vast business he does in prayer books, hourbooks, imitations of Carist, jewel cassets, and rich glided and gaulre leather work for marriage presents. Gruel has a workshop with numerous binders and giders and a very large collection of tools, stamps, and plates which enable him to reproduce any binding that has been made within the plast three centuries. With the help of jewellers, goldsmiths, enamellers, and ivory carvers he will reproduce even a Carlovingian or a Byzantine binding exactly according to pattern. But take a fine modern book, say an edition of Merimée's "Chronique de Charies IX." the Groller Club's "Omar Khayam," or a lierrick with Abbey's Illustrations, and ask him how he will bind them. "A rellure de style, of course, monsieur," he will say. Groller style, eighteenth century style, pelits fers flets brissis," and taking down a volume of heliogravires of bindings, he will propose to bind the "Omar Khayam" in red moroeco with pelits fers in the style dear to Mme. de Pompadour, and the Herrick with a Groller mosale, and the contents of the volume. The Renaissance gouwfilm to adorn each of these books, and that the contents of the volume. The Renaissance counstrical interlacements and the Italian and French rabseques and conventional foliage are certainly very excellent ornamentation; but sin

and Japanese art. MM. Marius and Michel, while executing fine and Japanese art.

AlM. Marius and Michel, while executing fine bindings in the recognized styles, have revived the art of incised leather, champ-terethat is to say, dug out so that the design remains in relief. They have also produced some striking work in large messic subjects borrowed from the floral world, the effect of which has been heightened by chemical clouding and thing of the leather. These binders have also shown delicate tasts in having handsome silks woven for lining books. Then there is Amand, who frankly seeks inspiration in the contents of a book, and executes on the cover a death's lead, a parrot, a flower, a fool's cap and bells, a visiting card, or any other common object. Amand's work is technically good; but hitherto he has proved merely that he is absolutely wanting in tasts. His manifested desire to get out of the routine of the cternal reliver de style is laudable; but the vulgarity and poverty of his fancy designs are sad beyond description.

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solutely wanting in taste. His manifested desirs to get out of the routine of the eternal reliure de siyle is laudable; but the vulgarity and poverty of his fancy designs are sad beyond description.

It would be fastidious here to review the work of the principal Parlsian binders; but inasmuch as the American collectors have been spending much money in the French workshops during the past four or five years, and as their number seems to be increasing, it may be interesting to note what are the resources of Paris, and how they can be best utilized. Very often the American collectors send their orders through commission agents—such and such books to be bound in binding of such and such price. This process is about as enlightened as buying books by the yard, or diamonds by the quart. Others, like Mr. Robert Hoe, Jr., give their orders for each volume with considerable exactitude as to color and ornament. The result is better, but not always satisfactory, for I have seen many bindings executed according to Mr. Hoe's particular instructions which presented strange combinations of styles, as, for instance, Groffer entrelacs, enriched with Louis XV. fleurons. Now, in order to get a fine original binding made, you need two elements at least, namely, a design and a binder; and, in order that the execution may approach perfection, you have to become friends with the binder, inspire him with respect, sit and smoke over the matter with him, talk it over, plan out the minutest details, watch the whole operation, from the sewing of the sheets, the shearing, and the gliding of the edges until the choice of lining and end papers, and the final lettering and polishing of the completed volume. Suppose that your binding is in colored mosaic; you must have your color scheme fixed before you begin, otherwise your head-band cannot be made to harmonize. Then you must watch have one did you have a delicate eye or the skin merchan my not have a delicate eye or the skin merchan my not have a delicate eye or the skin merchan particular i point of fact, there are very few living binders who fulfil the conditions of the trade corporation of the fold relieurs-doreurs; that is to say, who cover the book and glid the leather also. Marius-Michel. Cuzin, and Joly are relieurs-doreurs in the full sense of the term, and binding bearing their signature has, one may be sure, been made by them, whereas a book signed Gruel will have been made by half a dozen anonymous workmen, and the same is true of most of the bindings signed Lortic. Canape, the successor of Belz-Niedrée, has only recently begun to execute very fine bindings. His workmanship is very sure, careful, and conscientious; he is skilful enough to execute according to design any mosaic work; but he is not a glider. All the gliding of the bindings signed Canape is done by Henri Domont, who will persist in using pale gold and thereby losing something of richness of aspect. Pagnant, whose bindings I see frequently mentioned in New York sale catalogues, has a workshow where he produces current half bindings. His fine bindings are quite second-rate productions, and his gliding is all done by Henri Domont. Old Richard Feith has also a large workshoe, and binds largely for the Bibliothèque Nationale: he has a good glider, whose name secanes me, but by whom I have seen some very creditable relieures de lure, defective only in material details which few but experts in the matter understand. The other Petit holds about the same rank as Richard; Quinet has done some interesting work, but his taste is not sure; and here ends the list of Parisian binders to whom annaturs may appeal. If is not long, and when we have picked out the matter understand. The other Petit holds about the same rank as Richard; Quinet has done some interesting work, but his taste is not sure; and here ends the list of Parisian binders to whom annaturs may appeal. If is not long, and when we have picked out the men who are wanting in the knowledge, the imagnitude of the langest purchaser of fine bindings are not all spending their money THEODORE CHILD.

Riding to Music.

PRETING UPON MAN'S FRAILTY. The Bustness of Helping Polks to See Them-

selves as Othern See Them. The business of reading newspapers for other people, which was started in this city in a small way not very long ago, is said to be in a fair way to swamp itself by too rapid growth. wo concerns are now devoted to the business, and each claims to have all it can attend to to keep pace with its own growth. The original clipper. Henry Rometke, who experimented with the idea in Paris, and then went into the business in London on a larger scale, has made a stock company of his establishment there and come to this country to carry out his system here. The promise, he says, is of something gigantic in the line of scissors and paste-pot manipulation. Seven thousand papers were read and 9,000 notices elipped from them last week for several hundred clients on his lists. Last Sunday's SUN alone yielded 63 articles in which some one or another of his patrons was interested. A glance at his books gives a curious insight

into the weaknesses of men and women whose

names are familiar in widely different circles

of life. The name of each client beads a page

of life. The name of each client heads a page and under it is a brief note of what particular news or information that person wants from the papers. Fully half of the names have after them but the one word. Tersonal. Whatever is said about themselves they want. It would be great satisfaction to scores of anubbed reserved the said about themselves they want. It would be great satisfaction to scores of anubbed reserved the said and the said of the

about him and "Bunnie." One order, and from a well-known mas, too, is for "Himself and all jokes about Boston and New York society." What he wants of the jokes is a conundrum, but he gets them regularly, and at last accounts was still alive.

The growth of the business has necessitated the introduction into it of a complicated system and has developed it in several social diem.

inches about Boston and New York society."
What he wants of the jokes is a sonundrum, but he gets them regularly, and at last accounts was still alive.

The growth of the business has necessitated the introduction into it of a complicated system and has developed it in several novel directions. The leading topics of newspaper; comment, such as art, literature, the drama, politics, and similar subjects, are made separated divisions of the business, and everything pertaining to each is clipped by the first readers. These clippings are then sone over by the men in charge of each department, and those which may fit the orders of any patron are sorted out at the close of each days work and mailed to him at once. He has paid in advance \$5 for a thousand, and when he has received the number paid for the service stops until a new payment is made. A man's account may run along for months without his getting over forty or fifty of the thousand paragraphs he has paid for, and then he may kill his mother-in-law or do some other famous thing and get the balance of his "clips" in less than a week. Then sgan, a man may make a speech on "The lesues of the Hour" at a public banquet, and leave an order the next morning for all that the papers have to say about it, paying for the first hundred items in advance. He gets in two weeks three casual references to the fact that "Mr. So-and-so also spoke," and one humorous allusion to the disparity between the calibre of his mouth and the size of his brain. Then he comes around wanting his money back, and swearing that the business is a fraud.

Clippings are also made on speculation. If a well-known man dies, all his oblituaries are collected and peddled in the same way, and it is said that the instances are comparatively rare in which a sale is not effected.

This latest development of the business is realive going back to first principles, according to Mr. Romeike's story of low he first sot the idea. He was a good deal of a bolemian, and store time in Parisit came to be a serious dia

No Catholics Need Apply.

THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sic: In your iance of the 21st is the remark made by Col George Blise that a Catholic could not be elected President. Coming as it does from a prominent man like him is Coming as it does from a prominent man like him, is prominent the thought why a Cathonic could not be elected in a country for which his coreligionizes have done so much. The aprix of Know No huntim is not dead yet. For instance, here in Port Morris a Cathonic cannot get a source in the engine department simply on account of the man in observable in the engine department simply on account of the man in observable. But has not nitrecone in the instance of the man in observable in the last welve years. The Day has not nitrecone in the instance of the man in observable in the last welve years. The Day has not nitrecone in the instance of the man in observable in the commany knows of such a state of affairs and allows it to exist.

In regard to the Italians in Hobbien having to pay money to get their jobs, as I see by Tas Sta of Friday, the same thing is done here right some every month, every man paying so much for dominie's dues to the exercise of the course the pain why Catholics are shut out as they would not plain why Catholics are shut out as they would not plain why Catholics are shut out as they would not plain why Catholics are shut out as they reaching the course for a fairs. Yours do.

The most delightful of Lenten diversions in Palladelphia Is "music riding," which very effectively takes the place of dancing. On certain evenings, once or twice a week, the voung lindy equestrienness of the Philadelphia Itiding School, on Sixteenth street near Walnut, gather in the tan-covered amphitheatre, and with attendant cavaliers prance and march and galloness band. Admirably mounted, each on a favorth core, some on their own thoroughbreds of the torse, and the torse of the looking Philadelphia wanted is a sight well worth seeing. Only friends, however, are admitted. The lady and gentlemen riders are paired and after a march or two go, through canters and trote, introducing many beautiful figures. Sometimes all the moti are in a large circle and all the women in a smaller circle within; again the cavalende forms a wheel, with the women as the stokes and at other times they cross and recross or wind in and out, the men and women in intervening lines. All this to the sound of the Boulanger March or some other stirring air, which the horses appear to enjoy as much as the riders, is very stirring, and the different colored habits of the women add to the attractive spectacle.